

## Correspondence Column

## Nellie Chadwick's Accident.

Dear Editor.—You cannot tell how pleased and surprised I was to receive a prize, for we missed a paper and I knew nothing about it until it came, so you see it was a surprise also. Papa brought home a telegram the other day, and we are having a party of fun seeing things that ordinarily would be too far away to dream of seeing. It sounds so funny to suddenly hear Willie announce from the window, "There's an old man with a beard going over the white bridge," or "Papa's on the breakwater." I shall always keep the lovely little embroidered box you sent me. Like Emmy Lou, I am a very careful and saving little soul, and when I get anything nice I like to see how I can keep it. Nellie had an accident last week. She cut off a piece of the end of her thumb, and the doctor said she was not to use her hand at all. Nellie says she never before appreciated the use of two hands. Thanking you again for my lovely prize, I am your little friend and member, BESSIE M. CHADWICK, Care of William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va. P. S.—Please excuse my writing, but my pen is so bad.

## A Girl from Alabama.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to join your T. D. C. Club if you will take in a girl from Alabama, but I am really a Virginia girl after all, for I and my parents, too, were born and reared in Virginia. We have only been in Alabama four years. My sister used to be a member of your club when we lived in Farmville, Va. She has been telling me how nice it is. I would like for you to let me know. Yours truly, ALICE H. SMITH, 127 Monroe Street, Montgomery, Ala.

## Having a Delightful Summer.

Dear Editor.—I thank you for that lovely prize you sent me. I was so surprised and pleased when I saw my name among the prize winners. The page is growing better and better. I am glad the contents have begun again. The summer has been delightful to me and I have enjoyed horseback riding, swimming, tennis and croquet very much. I hope you will have a pleasant summer, too. Your old member, ALICE A. HOGE, 2211 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

## Where Is Curtis Elder?

Dear Editor.—The page was fine this week, and I really hope it will continue so. I was very much pleased to see my drawing in print this week. I am sending you the original puzzle and drawing for the page and a drawing for the State Fair exhibit. Where is Curtis Elder? I am this week's member. Your true member, EVELYN E. DYKE, 2511 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

## Going Away This Week.

Dear Editor.—I was glad to see my piece on the page and thank you for publishing it. When I was reading it I saw several mistakes in the printing. One was, "He must make it when the ship came back." I wrote "He must make it when the ship came back." I am going away some time this week and hope to send you something while I am away. Wishing the club much success during the summer months, I am your friend and member, RAYMOND D. GARCIN, JR., 2511 East Broad Street, City. P. S.—Please send me a club badge, as I have lost mine.

## Frequent Future Contributor.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I have belonged to it before, but moved and had to let it drop. I am this week's member in the Children's Page, as I read it every Sunday. Please send me a badge, and I will contribute as often as possible. Your new member, MARIAN HARDWICK, 126 North Thirty-fourth Street, City.

## Trying for a Medal.

Dear Editor.—When the paper came I was surprised to see that I had won a prize. I thank you ever so much for it. I am trying for a medal, but I am afraid I will not be so lucky as I win one. I think C. K. Meade's poem and C. Spencer's drawing fine. We do not get the paper until Monday afternoon, and do not have time to send the answers to the puzzles in time for the following Sunday. I am your member, MARIAN LEE MOTLEY, Upper Zion, Va.

## Wants to Join Post-Card Exchange.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to join the post-card exchange. My sister joined some time ago, as you know. I am finding some answers to girls' names in figures, and I hope to see you soon. Your member, MAUDE MOTLEY, Upper Zion, Virginia county, Va. Editor's Note.—The attention of club members is called to this letter with the certainty that Maude Motley will be pleasantly welcomed into the post-card exchange circle.

## Sends Composition on Farmville.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to the club for a long time, but I have not forgotten you all. I read the paper every week and am very much interested. I never see anything from Farmville in the paper, so I am writing a composition on Farmville, which I will inclose. Yours very truly, IRVING BLANTON.

## Glad to Be a Member.

Dear Editor.—I received my pretty badge this morning, and I certainly was pleased with it. I am so glad that I have at last become a member of the T. D. C. C. I inclosed you will find a drawing. It is my first attempt, and I hope it will escape that. I would like to see it in the paper. Some of the stories that appear on the page are very interesting, and I enjoy reading them immensely. The drawings, too, are very good. With best wishes to all, DOROTHY SMITH, 1013 W. Main Street, City.

## Booklovers' Contest: How Often?

Dear Editor.—I was glad to see some of my work in the last paper. There certainly were some good drawings in last Sunday's paper. I received a prize in the booklovers' contest. I received such a pretty card this morning from Marian Lee Motley. Have not heard from Miss E. M. Motley or Emma Garlin for some time. We had a fine rain this evening. The dust has been very much reduced. I often do have the booklovers' contest? Most glad to see your member, LOUISE L. WALKER, Barboursville, Orange County, Va.

## Just Back from Buckeye Beach.

Dear Editor.—I will just send a letter and a picture for the page to-day. I expect to send my contributions for the State Fair this week. I went on a picnic to Buckeye Beach yesterday and had a delightful time. Of course, I went in bathing and certainly did enjoy jumping those high waves. I also had my picture taken. One of the members spoke of cutting out their pictures and placing them in a book. I do the same, and send out the good pieces poetry, etc. Well, members, it will soon be time to go to school, so we had better make good use of our vacation and do a lot of work for our club. Your loving member, LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON, Meade Home, Richmond.

## His First Prize.

Dear Editor.—I received the very first prize I have ever won. I think the prize was fine and thank you very much for it. I was greatly disappointed not to see my drawing in the paper. It will encourage me to draw more if you print what I send. I want to draw something for the State Fair exhibit. Your little friend, ASHLAND, Va. JOHN G. ROBERTS.

## A Very Little Artist.

Dear Editor.—Here is a picture that I drew all by myself. Please publish it. Your member, ALEX. G. GILLIAM.

## Glad to See Drawing Printed.

Dear Editor.—I am sending you a drawing which I hope will escape Mr. Waste-basket. I am very glad to see my drawing Sunday in print. I am trying hard to win a prize, as I have never won any. Hoping the club success, I remain your devoted member, EDITH ALLEN, 2214 Venable Street, City.

## The Fly of It.

Dear Editor.—I wrote a nice story for the page, but turned over the ink bottle and it certainly did look nice after that. I am sure you would have been able to see it. I was able to support myself and his (John) But John was not impulsive, and so the idea went as rapidly as it had come.



## EDITORIAL AND LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## August Suggestions

## A Little Gossip With Club Members, Followed by Hints for Timely Articles on National Happenings, in Which All Young Americans Are Interested.

My Dear Girls and Boys: Bessie Chadwick says in her letter this week that her sister, Nellie, whom we all know as a club member, cut her finger in a way that deprives her of the use of one of her hands. I am sure that we are as sorry as possible to hear of Nellie's accident, and hope for her a speedy recovery.

We have a letter from Alice H. Smith, a little Virginian, now living in Monticomey, Ala., saying that she has been a reader of the Children's Page and desires to become a club member. I hope the club will give her a cordial welcome, the interest shown by an out-of-State applicant at such a distance being a tribute to the extended influence of the page.

Irving Blanton's composition on Farmville shows a patriotic and creditable spirit. Lyra Ranson and other members who are keeping a Children's Page scrapbook are certainly preparing a collection which will afford pleasure in the future.

Now, my dear members, which of you can tell how many Presidents of the United States were born in August? Suppose you think over this suggestion and write what you find out about it, those of you who have an opportunity to do so, in an article which must be limited to one page of paper.

Other August suggestions for articles of similar length may be used for the boys and girls who care to write about a famous American general of the Revolutionary Army, born on August 7, 1742, or on an important event of the Spanish-American War, happening on August 13, or on a victory gained by the Continentals over the British on August 15, 1777.

These subjects are suggested as being instructive and helpful, but no one need be compelled to adopt the suggestions unless inclined to do so. I merely thought something of this kind might stir our midsummer sluggishness a trifle. YOUR EDITOR.

## WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Margaret Jeffries, who signed her name without her address, and is requested to forward it to the editor. Irving Blanton, Farmville, Va. P. S. C. Calloway, Lynchburg, Va., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 32.

## THE MONTH'S MEDALISTS.

Mary A. Gilliam, 200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va. Cedric S. Beverley, Freeling, Va.

## THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Allen, Edith; Banks, Ralph P.; Blanton, Irving; Bouldin, E. M.; Brant, E. M.; Burrows, Dallas; Cussen, Leon; Collins, Nellie; Chadwick, Bessie; Calloway, Harry; Calloway, Patty; Coker, Evelyn E.; Dickinson, Lottie; Davis, J. H.; Daniel, M. M.; Gilliam, Alex. G.; Garlin, R. D.; Gardner, Pearl A.; Hattorf, Alvin; Howard, May; Hardwicke, Marian Whyte; Hamilton, L. H.

## FARMVILLE.

Farmville is a very pretty town in Prince Edward county, Va. To its advantage it is situated on the Buffalo and Appomattox Rivers. Farmville is a very old town. It was founded in 1792 and has grown very rapidly because of its good farming soil. Its population is three thousand two hundred.

It has many flourishing manufacturing plants, an ice plant, a creamery, and two sawmills. The people of Farmville are a public-spirited people. They have a fine attractive opera and courthouse, a public school and many beautiful homes.

One of the greatest attractions of Farmville is the State Female Normal School. It has every modern convenience. The Farmville people, trying to make their town a desirable one to live in, have introduced a good water system. They also have many beautiful and excellent roads, fine pavements and splendid fire department.

Farmville also has many interesting places around it. The Lathia Springs, about a mile from Farmville, besides giving the town good drinking water, is very pretty. Hampden-Sidney College, which is about seven miles from Farmville, is a very interesting place because it is a great college and the oldest in Virginia.

The old Taylor house and General Joseph Johnston's home are also historical places near Farmville. IRVING BLANTON.

## A TRUE FRIEND.

(Continued From Last Sunday.) John's great impulse when he arrived in New York was to go to his grandfather's residence—he knew the address, having secured it from Mr. Gray—and tell him that he wanted nothing he had and that he (John) was able to support himself and his mother. But John was not impulsive, and so the idea went as rapidly as it had come.

He had one direct purpose in coming to New York; he was going to save William's father from ruin if he possibly could. But how? He was only a young boy. But he might in some way transfer his good fortune—the promises of his grandfather—to Mr. Whyatt, thus prevent his failure and humiliation.

He made his way quickly to Mr. Whyatt's office. It was yet soon, so he was alone in his private office, when John was announced. Mr. Whyatt decided to see the boy more for curiosity than anything else.

"Good morning," John said politely. "Mr. Whyatt nodded."

"Mr. Whyatt," John began, "I was your son's schoolmate."

"He knows nothing of my probable failure," John said. "Mr. Whyatt interrupted, excitedly."

"Not that I know of. Now, Mr. Whyatt, to come to business, I have come to try to save you from failure," John announced manly.

"Mr. Whyatt was apparently in no jovial mood, but he could not refrain from smiling at the idea of this young boy helping him financially. But John's honest face had such a 'matter-of-fact' expression that he answered good-naturedly. 'In what way can you help me, my young friend?'"

John related the whole story of his father's poor marriage, the consequence, and how his grandfather wished to atone. "And now," John concluded, "I think I can use my influence in your favor."

"But my friend, why do you do this?" "For your son's sake," John replied heartily. "He has been used to luxuries, and how could he stand poverty now?"

"We look at the two boys a year later. John and William have taken the business of the latter's father, he having retired, in control; and both are on the road to success, for how could it be otherwise, when John has inherited his grandfather's colossal fortune?"

THE END. Original. Composed by I. HAMILTON WHYTE. "THE PAGE"—AN ODE.

I am no sage, Who, with great age, Has gained such a lot Of knowledge, and what-not, That by the yard, As some old-time bard, Can sing the praise Of hills and days.

I have not measure, nor rhyme, With which to keep time; But sing in crude fervor And in youth's brave endeavor At doing something great— A desire which comes soon and late.

Now I come to the end of this rhyme, Which will echo down the ages of time— And now to arrive at my theme's end, I'll tell you what I did begin: To tell which it would take an age To do all this to praise the "Page"— The Page which is best for you and me.

The dear old, grand old, "T. D. C. C." JOHN S. TERRY. Rockingham, N. C.

LAURETTE NASSHE. The streets of Caylos were crowded with men, women and children. A farmer had been on his way to a distant farm trying to buy cattle. On his way he saw a party of red-coats coming. He knew it was the British General Cornwallis, with his army coming to capture Caylos, for the people had heard before that he was coming.

The former whipped up his horse and reached Caylos in about an hour. He told all the people and they knew they and the town would be captured unless some one would take a note to Washington, and no one could swim well except Laurette Nasshe, a girl of Washington, whose father was with the British. She thought she would drown if she tried it. So she went to get word to General Washington, who was across the river. Laurette heard of the note, and told the man she would go. They told her not to, but she went. The people watched her until she was out of sight; then went back to the town. The meanwhile Laurette had gotten on land and was running through the woods, when some one caught her. She made out she had fainted. The man, who was an Indian, thinking she had fainted, put her on the ground and went to get some water. As he was out of sight she got up and ran. The Indian did not discover his loss until she had gotten too far to catch.

She reached General Washington and told him of the British. He quickly made a train bound for California. The journey in those days could not be made in a very short time, so Daniel was indeed tired when he reached the end of his destination. His first few weeks were spent in a very lonely New England home so far away. As he became acquainted with

the gold-diggers of the vicinity life went on more pleasantly, and he prospered rapidly.

One day while digging for gold Daniel left his companions and wandered off towards the river. Looking across the water rippling and sparkling in the summer sunlight, he suddenly observed an object rising and falling in the water. Peering closer, to his horror, he saw that it was a beautiful girl struggling helplessly amid the waves. Without a moment's hesitation, Daniel sprang in after her, but she sunk again, and it was quite awhile before Daniel could find her. When he at last tried to grasp the girl, who was in a half-conscious condition, she clapped him so tightly that each time he tried to rise she dragged him farther down into the water. On trying to rise the third time they were so exhausted that they lay helpless at the very bottom of the river. So soothing did the cool deep water feel to the tired boy that he felt that he could rest quietly there forever, undisturbed by the noisy world above.

But when he thought of his old father and anxious mother awaiting him far across the continent, in that little New England town, he made another and more desperate effort. This time he succeeded in staying above the water long enough to call for help, and was at last heard by one of the gold-diggers, who dragged them both unconscious out of the water and took them to the girl's house on the east bank of the river. After a physician had been called and worked over them for some time they both revived, and June, for that was the name of the girl, and also her mother and father, were very grateful to Daniel for saving her life. After this Daniel often visited their beautiful home, where he was always welcomed with great hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. Arlington. June's father and mother, where he spent many happy hours with June. Daniel after examining his gold was surprised to find that he had accumulated such a fortune. He at once decided soon to start for New England. The next day when he went to see June he asked her to become his wife. She soon consented to marry him, and Mr. and Mrs. Arlington were very much pleased to have such a son as Daniel. The pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride a few weeks later. Many friends were present, and all spent a very pleasant evening. June and Daniel then started on their honeymoon, which was a trip to New England. When they arrived all looked about the same to Daniel in the little village as it did five years before when he had fared well to his old home in the cool, damp air of the morning.

(To Be Continued.) LOTTE DICKENSON. Oakwood, Richmond, Va.

A RACE FOR LIFE. PART II.

The legend was related to me by my cousin's husband, and I was so much interested that I resolved to visit, the next morning, the place described, and see if I could find any relics that would give a coloring of truth to the narrative.

Accordingly, the next morning after breakfast I started off with a spade, vowing to bring back some relics of the conflict, if any remained.

It was a beautiful morning; the sky was clear and cloudless, the atmosphere was warm, and the turf beneath my feet was soft and elastic. The cattle were grazing all over the flats, some so distant as to appear like mere specks, and others close by. I took up a beeline for the hill, and strode along at a rapid pace. I had accomplished about half the distance, when I encountered an immense bull of the Durham breed in my path. He simply glared at me, and then went on with his feeding, with an air of independence that plainly said: "You can step aside for me as easily as I for you, and I do not feel disposed to put myself to any inconvenience on your account."

Had I been wise I would not have stopped to discuss the matter with him, but I thought it beneath my dignity to yield the right of way to an animal, so I shouted to drive him from the path.

He did not even condescend to notice me. His calm easy indifference provoked me, and I raised my spade and struck him a heavy blow on the back.

It seemed as though that blow transformed him; instead of stepping aside, he instantly expected me, he lashed his tail and commenced tearing up the earth, describing a circle around me, his flashing eyes, quivering nostrils and menacing aspect presented a picture of fury that I shall never forget.

Had he charged on me at once, I should never have written these lines; but he seemed impressed with a desire to terrify me as much as possible before sealing my doom.

The proper thing for me to have done would have been to have seized my spade (I lacked more effective weapons), and, with the strength of desperation, to have driven it to his heart; but I had to tell the truth, instead of being endowed with supernatural muscular power and remarkable self-possession, as most brave (feetless) men are in the presence of a danger, I felt exceedingly weak, and was almost cowed with fright.

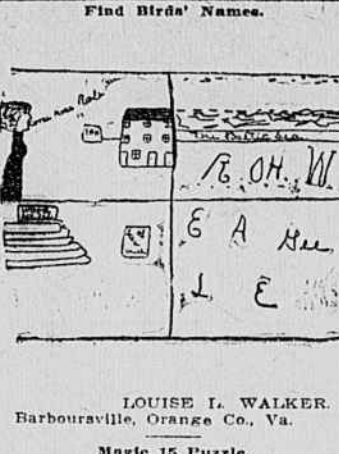
Involuntarily I dropped my spade, and started toward the hill at a speed which would have filled a race-horse's heart with envy.

My antagonist was not to be cheated of his prey, and followed me at his utmost speed. I had several rods the start, but he was gaining on me rapidly, and I doubted very much that, with my utmost efforts, I could reach the hill before he overtook me.

(To Be Continued.) J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR. 1216 W. Cary St., City.

## Puzzle Department

## Find Birds' Names.



## Louise L. Walker, Barboursville, Orange Co., Va. Magic 15 Puzzle.

2		
	5	
		8

Take numbers from one to nine, inclusive. Arrange them in the square so that when added together vertically, horizontally and diagonally, the total will make 15. No numbers can be used more than once. ALVIN HATTORF, 823 China St., Richmond, Va.

## Railway Puzzle.



What things seen in a railway station? J. H. DAVIS, JR. 1216 W. Cary St., City.

## Names of Some Ancient Kings of England in Figures.

1. 1 1 2 6 1 8 5 4 2 0 8 5 7 6 5 1 2 0
2. 2 3 9 1 2 1 2 9 1 1 3 2 0 8 5 6 9 1 8 1 0
3. 8 5 1 4 1 6 2 5 2 0 8 5 1 9 5 3 1 5 1 4 4
4. 5 4 2 3 1 1 8 4 2 0 8 5 5 4 9 1 8 1 0 2 0
5. 1 8 9 3 8 1 1 8 4 2 0 8 5 1 0 6 3 1 5 1 4 4
6. 8 5 1 4 1 6 2 5 2 0 8 5 6 9 6 2 0 8
7. 5 4 2 3 1 1 8 4 2 0 8 5 5 4 9 1 8 1 0 2 0
8. 1 0 1 1 2 5 1 9 2 0 8 5 5 4 9 1 8 1 0 2 0
9. 1 5 1 2 9 2 1 5 1 9 2 0 8 5 1 0 6 3 1 5 1 4 4
10. 3 8 1 1 8 1 5 1 9 2 0 8 5 1 0 6 3 1 5 1 4 4

ELIZABETH BOULDIN, Care Rev. F. Bouldin, Houston, Va.

## Wrong Made Right.

Correct mistakes in following: The girls hat is knew. They come two late. Boys' will bea boy's. Mary said let us play games? Flower's blooms in spring. Original by EVELYN E. DYKE, 2813 Washington Ave., Newport News, Va.

## Jumbled Names of Liquids.

1. Erawt.
2. Ielm.
3. Iawn.
4. Ercid.
5. Eragvin.

MARION LEE MOTLEY, Upper Zion, Va.

## Answer to Behondings and Cartellings.

1. Hit.
2. Wise—ls.
3. Justly—just.
4. Vase—as.
5. Greasy—easy.
6. Toe—to.
7. Farmer—form.
8. Hay—ay.
9. Goodby—good.
10. Inhabit—habit.
11. Mask—as.
12. Day—a.
13. Bade—bad.
14. Gons—ons.

Quotation: "It is just as easy to form a good habit as be one." MARGARET DANIEL.

## Answer to Hidden Books.

1. Beside the Bonny Briar Bush.
2. Luke Walton.
3. The Old Stone House.
4. In Old Virginia.
5. The World is Love.
6. King George V.

## Answer to Riddles.

1. China.
2. Greece.
3. Turkey.

## Answer to Names of Battles in Figures.

1. Waterloo.
2. Saratoga.
3. Marathon.
4. Quebec.
5. Trenton.
6. Balaklava.
7. Arbela.
8. Chancellorsville.
9. Blenheim.
10. Fontenoy.
11. Culloden.
12. Moscow.

## Answer to Jumbled States: 1. Vir.

1. Virginia; 2. Maryland; 3. Kentucky; 4. Michigan; 5. Oregon; 6. Washington.

MARGARET DANIEL, Nohead, Va.

## Answer to Riddles, by Pauline Wat.

1. China.
2. Greece.
3. Turkey.

## Answer to Girls' Names in Figures.

1. Judson; 2. Lewis; 3. Lurline; 4. Laura; 5. Bessie.

## Answer to Riddles, by Pauline Wat.

1. China.
2. Greece.
3. Turkey.

